

## THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:  
734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.  
Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C.,  
as second-class mail matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Under the Direction of  
SCOTT C. BONE, . . . . . Editor  
HENRY L. WEST, . . . . . Business Manager  
Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier or Mail.  
Daily and Sunday. . . . . \$3.00 per month  
Daily and Sunday. . . . . \$9.00 per year  
Daily, without Sunday. . . . . \$2.50 per month  
Daily, without Sunday. . . . . \$7.50 per year  
Sunday, without daily. . . . . \$2.00 per year

No attention will be paid to anonymous  
communications, and no communications to  
the editor will be printed except over the  
name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will  
be returned if unavailable, but stamps  
should be sent with the manuscript for  
that purpose.

All communications intended for this  
newspaper, whether for the daily or the  
Sunday issue, should be addressed to  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, C. W. CLIBBERDING  
SPECIAL AGENT, Brunswick Building.  
Chicago Representative, BARNARD & BRAN-  
HAM, Boyce Building.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1910.

## The Poise of the Senate.

Now and then there comes an opportunity to the Senate of the United States to show itself in its best light; and, curiously enough, perhaps, such opportunity comes usually in the guise of a relatively unimportant thing.

Neither the fate of empire nor the destiny of man hung on the Senate's decision as to whether a few old veterans of the late Confederacy should be permitted the use of a number of army tents and things during the progress of a forthcoming reunion in Mobile. The proposition as submitted by Senator Bankhead meant little in itself. Unemphatically by Senator Heyburn's foolishly bitter tirade against the late warriors, of the gray and their loved and chivalric leader, Gen. Robert E. Lee, the resolution would have passed quietly and in order on Monday last, and nothing untoward would have come of it whatever. The dead past has long ago been permitted to bury its dead in the matter of secession, the civil war, and all that appertains to that fratricidal strife, and it is only here and there that a Senator Heyburn comes upon the scene with his feeble effort to stir it up anew.

The Senate rose superbly to the demands of the crisis thrust upon it by Mr. Heyburn's vociferous vehemence, however, and voted to a man—saving and excepting Mr. Heyburn himself—to grant the petition as originally filed by Mr. Bankhead; and that despite the Idaho Senator's jarring solo of protest. The quiet dignity of the entire proceeding that marked the undoing of Mr. Heyburn was inspiring, and could hardly have failed to arouse a feeling of profound respect for the Senate even in the bosom of the most hardened scuffer, "Aye," said New York, and Washington, and Kansas, and Wisconsin, and Indiana, and Minnesota, and Utah, and California, and Vermont, and Ohio, and Michigan, and Maine, and so on throughout the entire Union—of course, including the South. Idaho's voice alone was raised in opposition—and only half of that, indeed, since Senator Borah voted "aye."

We think it worth while to note, in passing, the splendid courtesy and admirable restraint evidenced by the Southern Senators in refraining from a reply to Mr. Heyburn. The provocation was admittedly great, but how honestly thrilling it was that the temptation was refused! It was a fine compliment the Southern Senators paid their Northern colleagues—if we may use an expression in differentiating Senators that is, we think, all but obsolete at last, praise be when the Southerners elected merely to pass the resolution to a vote, secure in their faith that their friends of the North would meet the issue in a manly and patriotic manner, and that without one word of argument from the defense!

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, in his "Life of Robert E. Lee," relates the following incident, occurring after the close of the civil war:

"On one occasion, Gen. Lee was approached by a leader of the presidency of a life insurance company, at a salary of \$30,000 per annum. He declined it on the ground that it was work with which he was not familiar. 'But, general,' said the gentleman who represented the insurance company, 'you will not be expected to do any work; what we want is the use of your name.' 'Do you not think,' said Gen. Lee, 'that if my name is worth \$30,000 a year, I ought to be very careful about taking care of it?'

It is, perhaps, that feature of Gen. Lee's character that Senator Heyburn finds it difficult to understand.

## Woman for Governor.

Mrs. Marilla M. Ricker, a lawyer and suffragette leader of Dover, N. H., announces herself as a candidate for governor of the Granite State. She has sent a telegram from California, where she now is, that she will run on a woman's rights platform.

The announcement has created a sensation from one end of the State to the other. Mrs. Ricker is wealthy, and she is an enthusiast. She is the first woman in America who went to the polls and demanded the right to cast a ballot. This was in 1870. At this time she fortified herself by preparing a constitutional argument for the selectmen of Dover, in which she used this closing sentence:

"As long as women are hanged under the laws, they should have a voice in making them."

Recently she made the following protest when paying her taxes:

"Taxation without representation is tyranny. I hereby protest against the injustice of being compelled to pay taxes without having a vote to protect my property."

Mrs. Ricker will make a vigorous campaign. She will have the support of New York and Boston suffrage leaders, who will no doubt make speeches for her. Thus the entry of women into American politics will be of a different character from that in England.

While Mrs. Ricker may never occupy the gubernatorial chair, she will give the suffrage movement a great impetus, and the opinion of the American voter of the ability of the woman politician may be greatly changed. Here is an opportunity for the women to show that they

are serious and can conduct affairs of state in a dignified manner.

The nation will watch the outcome with deep interest. English suffragettes can get some valuable suggestions, and it may help their cause. We cannot but admire Mrs. Ricker and wish her well in her fight.

## Gordon, of Mississippi.

Having become acquainted with the Hon. James Gordon, of Mississippi, now temporarily occupying a seat in the United States Senate, Washington cannot but marvel at the deadlock at Jackson.

Why it should be prolonged is beyond Washington's understanding.

What is the use of further tying up the legislature when the State, by gubernatorial appointment, now has so fine a type of Senator at Washington? He is versatile, experienced, already in rapport with his colleagues, and a Mississippian through and through. A scholar and a philosopher, there is nothing of the antique about him, in spite of his years. His Democracy is up to date. He has developed with Dixie. At any rate, he has impressed Washington as a fine specimen of the Southern statesman, and Washington would be more than pleased to see him remain awhile. He fills the seat.

Of course, it is Mississippi's affair—not Washington's. Mississippi may prefer Vardaman. There is no accounting for tastes. Washington has not a speaking acquaintance with Vardaman. Its long-range view may not do him justice. But it does know Senator Gordon, and likes him.

Knowing him and liking him, Washington wonders why Jackson does not take a sober second thought and break that deadlock by keeping him here. That is what Jackson ought to do. But Jackson, we are afraid, will not have the good sense to do it—it will not come to a realization of what a promising Senator it has in Gordon.

Still, we've expressed our opinion, and shall hope for the best.

## A Word for the Veteran Clerks.

It is time to speak a word for the veteran clerks in the governmental departments—the men and women who have faithfully served Uncle Sam two decades or more, who have grown gray in the service, but who, in the great majority of cases, are yet giving the full quid pro quo for every dollar they receive.

The talk of a retirement fund, or pension system, has served to direct attention to them. This is natural and proper enough. We hope to see such a fund created—such a system established.

But there is no warrant for dealing with these clerks disparagingly. It is not just or right. Their usefulness is not at an end. It is not materially impaired, as a matter of fact.

Less apt than formerly, they have an intimate knowledge of government work only to be acquired by experience.

If they do not move as rapidly, they move with precision. They have learned how to conserve time and energy.

Possibly they persist, in too great a degree, in doing their work as they did it two decades or more ago; perhaps, at times, they are over-reliant to adopt modernized methods; but yet there is a thoroughness and a reliability in their service as a whole not to be found uniformly in the work of the newer clerks.

Heads of bureaus and chiefs of divisions who have been long enough to know will readily vouch for the general statement here made.

The Older Idea is overworked. It is much overworked. This is an era of young men. Everybody admits it. And we are for the young man all the time. But let us, at the same time, do full justice to their seniors.

Whatever the age, it is the man, after all. A man of sixty is often a man of forty in his capacity for work. There are men in numbers in the departments—in large numbers—nearing the three-score and ten who are not only as efficient as when they entered the service, but whose efficiency has steadily increased year after year.

All this we say because it needs to be said. Let the retirement and pension plans be discussed and pushed, but without getting a mistaken impression into the public mind or the departmental mind that these veteran clerks, the majority of them, are useless and in the way. It is not true.

These veteran clerks are entitled to the highest consideration. They have earned it, and are earning it to-day.

And yet, if Dr. Cook had expressed a desire to bet good money he could disappear like that, doubtless he would have been overwhelmed with takers.

"We often wonder about the ethical ideals of a man who offers his child 10 cents to be good all day," says the Cleveland Leader. Oh, well; it is a condition and not a theory that confronts that man.

"The ground hog knows nothing about weather conditions," avers a contemporary. Still, that does not disqualify him per se as a weather prophet, does it?

Meteorological showers are predicted for April. Not particularly interesting to the ultimate consumer. In view of the fact that meteors are not good to eat, nor are showers of them in any wise beneficial to crops.

Senator Heyburn's recent speech in the Senate of the United States, when considered in the light of its effect and the absence of vociferous reply, demonstrates anew that Gov. Vardaman will not be missed to hurt in that august body, anyway.

People thinking of sending "Uncle Joe" comic valentines next Monday will do well to think again and save their money. The Speaker has already been handed practically everything known to human ingenuity along that line, and it has not budged him.

"Comet A 1919" will get out of the way before Halley's comet arrives, it seems. This will be accepted as proof positive that Halley's comet alone is the real goods.

There is a hot tamale war on in Tacoma. This is one time we are moved to hope that every party to it will get the worst of it.

It is now charged that the meat boycott merely furnished the breakfast food companies the longed-for opportunity to effect a merger. It makes precious little

difference how you play the game; it invariably seems to come out the same way.

"A Missouri man ate forty eggs in six minutes and lived," notes the Wichita Eagle. Whereas such a greedy and disgustingly plutocratic person might naturally have expected to be lynched.

One of those disconcerting persons has called attention to the fact that former Senator Dryden, before he fell from grace, was also strong for Federal incorporation.

Senator McCumber made a good speech recently with the Senate restaurant bill of fare as a text. We defy anybody to find inspiration for poetry in that interesting card, however.

A Virginia woman wants a divorce because her husband snores. Her attorneys will have to be careful—very careful—in striking a jury to try this case.

"Since President Taft has gone in for dancing—" begins the New York American. Why, he may as well prepare to pay the fiddler, presumably.

"A critic of Senator W. J. Stone says the Missouriian was elected mainly by the tough wards in St. Louis," notes the Pittsburg Dispatch. Oh, we are not so sure about that. We have an idea that many a Missouriian or high social standing voted for Senator Stone in the primaries because of his demonstrated ability to make a Pullman porter keep his distance on occasions.

Mr. Harmon declines to talk Presidential matters pending his effort to succeed himself as governor of Ohio. Evidently, Mr. Harmon appreciates the fact that there may be many a slip twixt the cup and the lip, especially in a Democratic vicinity.

Even Senator Heyburn must realize by now that the war is over; and surely that makes it unanimous!

Judge Pile, of Georgia, declares somewhat excitedly that an Atlanta brewery is manufacturing beer "within sight of the governor's mansion." Judge Pile probably would not make a very good news reporter.

"What a fierce anti-Cannon man Steenerson is at home, but as gentle as a kitten when at the mouth of the old blunder-buss," says the Breckenridge (Minn.) Telegram. It seems to be true that distance frequently lends disenchantment to the view of "Uncle Joe."

If woman is granted the right of suffrage, she will not incline to stuff the ballot boxes so much as she will to decorate them with pink ribbons and things; which would be an improvement, anyway, no matter how you look at it.

The wireless distress signal is "S. O. S." As the Easter bonnet pearls draw near, numerous male persons will hoist a "S. O. S." distress signal, all right.

President Taft's complaint that "nobody ever drops in at the White House" is nicely balanced by Emperor William's complaint that everybody seems bent on dropping in at the royal palace in Berlin.

## CHAT OF THE FORUM.

## One on Uncle Joe.

From the Columbia State.  
We fear that in one respect Joe Cannon is like an Indian.

## Truth About Col. Roosevelt.

From the Portland (Or.) Telegram.  
Col. Roosevelt may or may not be Speaker of the next House.

## Bryan Missing His Chance.

From the Ohio State Journal.  
Col. Bryan has been in Peru over a week and hasn't even killed a llama.

## Mr. Sherman Finds Things Slow.

From the Portland (Or.) Telegram.  
As Vice President Sherman reflects upon his former activity in the House of Representatives, he must regard himself as a "dead one."

## Would He Accept?

From the Rochester Herald.  
In order to get Speaker Cannon to quit, it may yet be necessary to conduct a new commission on something and make him chairman at a big salary.

## Big Attitude Assured.

From the Springfield Republican.  
A good idea! Things will have a conservation mark in the future. In support of the President's conservation measures, now before Congress, Mr. Taft himself may attend.

## Mr. McDermott's Rise.

From the Memphis News-Scimitar.  
Congressman McDermott, of Chicago, declares in his autobiography that when twelve years of age he was a messenger boy. Don't believe it; no messenger boy ever traveled that fast.

## Senators Living High.

From the St. Louis Republic.  
Senator McCumber is said to have proved officially by the price list of the Senate restaurant that the former isn't getting the make-off which represents the high cost of living. But at the prices quoted by Mr. McCumber, aren't the Senators living a bit too high?

## Signing-up Season.

From the Topoka State Journal.  
Chautauqua agents are signing in Washington these days, signing up a number of stars in the Congressional galaxy for the summer season. It's a peculiar thing, too, that many of the Chautauqua "riders" who make the most noise on their summer circuits, accomplish little or nothing on Congressional levels.

## A NEW YEAR'S DIVORCE.

Old pipe of mine, we've got to part;  
I leave you and you leave me;  
Though you are twined about my heart,  
We'll meet in future years.  
I'll never see you faithful and true,  
You've put cold ice to chase,  
But there has come 'twixt you and me  
That woman in the case.

Old pipe of mine, the day draws near  
When from you I must part;  
No longer may I know the cheer  
You brought into my home.  
No longer when the shadows fall  
And light comes on a new day  
I'll take you up. Oh, pipe of gall!  
That woman in the case!

I loved you first, I hear you say  
I pledged my troth to you;  
And I have loved you from that day  
I promised to be true.  
'Tis so, but I was young and green,  
A youth, with boundless faith,  
I little thought there'd come between  
That woman in the case.

You were my love in days of old;  
Old pipe, I love you still.  
But there's a woman in the fold  
That has a stronger will.  
Forever from my life you're banned,  
Denied your favorite place;  
Elected by supreme command,  
The woman in the case.

No longer when my heart grows sad  
Will you bring peace to me;  
The comforts you and I have had  
In future cannot be.  
You will not soothe my aching brow,  
My drooping spirits cease to cheer,  
There stands to separate us now  
The woman in the case.

Old pipe, farewell, a long farewell,  
For you and I must part;  
For me no longer may you dwell,  
Another rule my heart must part.  
You think I'm cowardly to so  
Desert you in divorce,  
But then, old pipe, you do not know  
The woman in the case.

—Detroit Free Press

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

## ALL IN THE SETTING.

You've read the old-time stories and know just how they go.  
A maiden fair, with golden hair, resides in a chateau.  
A young prince comes to woo her; you are prepared for that.

But, nothing that's romantic ever happens in a flat.

There's always something doing in castle or in cot.

We've had these tales in goodly haunts and know the entire lot.

But life in an apartment house would bore to death a cat;

For nothing that's romantic ever happens in a flat.

## His System.

"I can't say I've never told a lie."

"Say the rest of it."

"But I never told a man a bigger lie than I think he'll believe."

## Lavish Times.

"I am not rich, as wealth is measured to-day."

"They measure it to-day, do they?"

"Inquired the Old Codger. 'They used to count their money when I was a boy.'"

## Just as Good.

"Now, if I only had a parlour lamp."

"I will ask one of the girls to keep her hat on and stand near the piano. The effect will be the same in a dim room."

## Cost of Living.

The figures they're giving

I just can't afford.

I'll guess I'll stop living

An quietly board.

## Wasted Worries.

"That was some more useless worrying I did."

"As to how?"

"I thought vaudeville this winter would be overrun with Eskimo quartets, but it hasn't been."

## Very Versatile.

A genius writes, or paints, or sings; perhaps he can compose. He is adept in many things, and washes, cooks, and sews.

## Hail to Gossip.

"I played in Plunkville in 1912, and now they ask me to play a return engagement."

"Well?"

"Would you do it?"

"I guess you're safe enough. Eggs are high, and anyhow they wouldn't wait that long to put up a job on you."

## HOW TO GET IT.

A Few Rules that May Help You to Contract Nervous Dyspepsia.

Joseph Fitzgibbon, in New York Sun.

Nervous dyspepsia, like that kindred ailment, neurasthenia, is very prevalent in our progressive modern life; in fact, an observer at our lunch counters and dining tables might become convinced that it was a fashionable disease with symptoms of popularity that may tend to an epidemic.

For the benefit of those who have so far failed, after strenuous efforts, to contract the "classy" ailment, I append a few simple but effective rules which I am sure will not fail to make the user eligible for the "groucher's" list after a little practice.

Concentrate the mind continually on the stomach and articles to go therein. A healthy stomach works automatically. Your true dyspeptic should be able to draw an exact diagram of his digestive tract.

Subscribe to all the "health" magazines.

Take daily cold spray baths before breakfast and massage twice daily. If, after the morning spray, you practice fasting until lunch hour, you can soon eat sufficient at that meal to hold you for a few days. If you can succeed at this, your progress will be rapid, and a timely economy will reward you also.

Do not, under any circumstances, rest after meals, as this is only the habit of very healthy people. Worry as much as possible. If you have no business of your own to practice this on, get busy on some one else's.

If you are married and cannot coax your wife to join you in your dyspeptic diet, rehearse your symptoms to her at every chance. This is guaranteed to make a hypochondriac of the most cheerful optimist.

## What Are Eggs?

From the Albany Journal.

It would seem to be in order for some authority at Washington to answer the question "What are eggs?"

Paragraph 599 of the tariff law puts eggs of birds, fish, and insects (except fish preserved for food purposes) on the free list.

Paragraph 256 places a duty of 5 cents a dozen upon "eggs not specially provided for."

But after eggs of birds, fish, and insects are placed on the free list, what other eggs are there left to receive the duty? Turtle's eggs?

According to some statements recently published, the 5-cent duty is imposed upon hens' eggs and others used for food. But they are certainly birds' eggs, and therefore should be entitled to enter free.

## What Investigations Conceal.

From the Boston Traveler.

The more investigations they have in Congress of Ballinger, beef trusts, boosters of prices, conservation conspiracies, railroad rates and all the things agitating the public the better the Congressmen will like it, for then nobody will have time to monkey with the tariff or Congressional extravagance or the things that count. The situation is parallel to that of a man sick unto death; everybody is anxious to know the cause of his illness; bacteriologists analyze the water of the house; sanitary engineers examine the plumbing; this one does this and that one does that; and by the time the cause and origin of the sickness are identified the patient is dead and the undertaker has a job. Great are investigations.

## How About Jack Dalton?

From Tit-Bits.

The Manager—I've got a new idea for a melodrama that ought to make a hit.

The Writer—What is it?

The Manager—The idea is to introduce a cyclone into the first act that will kill all the actors.

## A Robbery that Paid.

From the Boston Transcript.

Scott—I always thought it was rough on Adam to rob him of his rib.

Mott—Yes; but, on the other hand, it was the making of Eve.

## A Faded Flower.

From the Cleveland Leader.

"You used to say, dad, that I was a budding genius."

"Well, you turned out to be a blooming idiot!"



Representative Carter Glass, of Virginia, drops into the Senate very frequently to have a word with "Boss" Martin, Senator from the Old Dominion. Dame rumor says that the wily little Representative has the governor bee in his bonnet and indications are that he can get the nomination. But he will have to wait awhile.

Old-timers and standpatters have not recovered from the shock they received when Senator Elkins announced himself as a champion of the common people. After much display of anger and many misgivings on the part of the West Virginia Senator, his resolution for the investigation of the high cost of living has been favorably reported, and there is promise that the subject will be gone into in a thorough manner. The report of the resolution gave Senator Keane an opportunity to say a few words other than his usual stereotyped phrases, and Senator Beveridge took occasion to call the resolution a composite of the numerous resolutions offered on the same subject.

The recent order of the Post-office Department prohibiting rural carriers from hunting while serving their routes has caused no end of amusement among the legislators on the Hill. Some of them, however, regret the order, because the knowledge of the good hunting grounds obtained by the carriers during the sessions. Numerous complaints reached the department that the carriers while on their routes hunted and shot game, thus delaying the delivery and collection of the mail, hence the order which not only prohibits hunting, but also the carrying of guns for that purpose.

Representative Mann left the House to take care of itself just long enough to pay a visit to the Senate. Senators Pettigrew and Teller visited the scenes of former days and fraternized with the Senators; Pettigrew on the Republican side and Teller on the Democratic.

"Col." Ed. Halsey was surprised Monday with the presentation of a sword by the corps of correspondents. The presentation speech was made by Mr. E. B. Clark, of the Chicago Post, and Eddie answered by retreating behind the desk and smiling his usual smile. The sword bore the inscription "Presented to Col. Edwin A. Halsey by the corps of Washington correspondents, February 7, 1910." About fifty of the scribes were present when the "colonel" was captured, and both House of Congress were left to their fate.

There has been sent to the Capitol a large relief map of the Isthmus of Panama, showing the Panama Canal, the work that has been completed and that proposed. It is made to an accurate scale and will enable the computation of the altitude of the hills, size of the locks, canals, and other essential features in the construction of the great interoceanic canal. The map is for the delectation of the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals, and will be used to show the necessity of further appropriations for that project.

William J. Moxley, who was elected to the House of Representatives to succeed William Lorimer, sometimes goes by the name of "Butterine Bill." There is a faint whisper that "Butterine Bill" is not particularly in love with his job as a statesman, and will be satisfied to serve out the term.

"A little man with a big voice" is Representative Boutell. He is not much for size, but when he expounds the tariff and gets worked up to the maximum, he is without his equal in the House. He delights in taking a fall out of the Texas delegation, and never lets an opportunity slip whereby he can prove to them, as he says, the tariff has made Texas prosperous. Interspersed with facts, the little fellow gets in much humor and affords the Democrats no little mirth, and even the Democrats crack a scornful smile. He went for them yesterday, and would be going yet if he had been permitted. "Texas," said Brother Boutell, "produces cotton, cattle, rice, and demagogues, but the demagogues are used exclusively for home consumption. Texas," thundered the champion of Uncle Joe, sells hides and buys leather; sells steers and buys beef; sells fruit and buys preserves, and they should sell demagogues and buy statesmen." All of which, and more, was proclaimed in tones that made the mighty voice of Seneca Payne sound like a babbling brook.

Paragraph 256 places a duty of 5 cents a dozen upon "eggs not specially provided for."